

## Foot's Corner.

REV. DR. ARMSTRONG.

[The following tribute to Dr. Armstrong, Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, was written at the time of his death, by Thomas Hastings, the author of so many of our beautiful tunes, but has never been in print. Many of our citizens will remember the disaster which occurred on Thanksgiving day, 1846, in which Dr. Armstrong lost his life. Dr. Armstrong was an uncle of our fellow-citizen, Jacob F. Randolph, and was a native of Mendham, in this State.—P. W. L.]

By the blast of the tempest the steamer is driven,  
Reluctant to meet the rough shore,  
Her anchors avail not, her engine is riven,  
She strikes where the wild breakers roar.  
Her inmates have witnessed the terrible strife  
With dread perturbations of soul,  
Now pleading for help, now despairing of life,  
While higher the dread surges roll.

But some in their calmness assemble to pray,  
—A servant of Jesus sits there,  
Whose hours are numbered, whose spirit to-day  
Shall joyful in heaven appear.  
He reads not the danger, his soul is at peace,  
He speaks of a haven at rest,  
Where storms never enter, where troubles shall cease,  
And points to the realms of the blest.

The bell of the steamer now solemnly tolls,  
As moved by the wings of the wind,  
It sounds as the dirge of the perishing souls,  
Who a grave in the billows must find.  
O Armstrong beloved, we shall see thee no more,  
Nor hear thy sweet converse again,  
Till we meet thee above on that heavenly shore,  
And rejoice thou'lt not labor in vain.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

WARREN, January, 1873.  
At a funeral in Bloomfield, recently, a gentleman remarked to a lady, that he had met her at a wedding after midnight of that day and now at a funeral, and that such was life. I was reminded of the enclosed lines written by a friend of mine after reading R. H. Stoddard's verses in the same style.

I saw two brides at the ark;  
And both were fair and sweet,  
One was in her bridal robe,  
One in her winding sheet.  
Sedately hymn was chanted,  
The sacred rites were read,  
And one for life to life,  
And one to death was wed.  
They went to their bridal beds  
In loveliness and bloom,  
One in a merry castle,  
One in a solemn tomb,  
One in the arms of love,  
The other in the arms of death,  
Passed to the Heaven's above,  
One to the mirror's water,  
In this world of sin and pain,  
But the other was happier far,  
For she never woke again.

## HOW TWO IMMORTALS MET.

In Prague there was to be another of those great musical jubilees for which the capital of Bohemia was noted during the last century, and from every direction journeyed thither artists and laymen, either to participate in the exercises or to listen.

Already, on the day before the fete, the inn—large and small—of the city proper were overfilled, and the landlords, desirous as they were to profit by the occasion, could not do other than turn away the later arrivals.

A young man, a "pianist" from Vienna, had, like many others, sought lodgings in all the hotels in the city without success, and finally decided to go to an inn in one of the suburbs, where he was told he would probably find very comfortable quarters and very good fare.

The youth was received by a landlord of a very surly mien, who, after measuring him from head to foot with a forbidding glance, replied that he could not accommodate him—"he was full." But there was a pretty servant girl within hearing, who did not seem to be at all afraid of the cross-grained old landlord, and ventured to differ from him.

"Yes, we can accommodate the gentleman, too," said she. "There will be no one in the wine-room this evening; everybody will be in the city. It's very easy to make up a bed for the gentleman there."

"Do so, for all I care," muttered the landlord, and turned away. The young musician in the meantime repaired to the large room that was destined to be his bedroom for the night. As the usual guests were not expected, the room had not been lighted; but the moon shone through the vine-bordered windows, so as to enable the youth to see his way, although indistinctly. In one corner he discovered a sofa, on which he threw himself, in order to rest his weary limbs while waiting supper. He had been there but a few moments, when the door opened and a man entered, who walked to the farther and darker end of the room with a certainty of step that showed that he was not a stranger to the apartment.

A moment afterward the youth heard the tones of a piano—at first a few accords, then a melody, that might have been likened to a chorus of angels. The youth partially rose from the sofa, and listened as one who would catch the faintest sound. How radiant was every feature of his face with ecstatic delight! This improvisation—this heavenly improvisation—it seemed to transport him into another and a higher sphere! There was but one—only one—who could produce such harmony, and to see and hear him was the chief object of the youth's journey.

He rose, and walked on tiptoe over toward the piano, in order, if possible, to see the performer. The tones grew softer and softer, until they finally died away.

The music was divinely beautiful, and

held the youthful enthusiast spell-bound until the music himself roused him from his reverie. The latter, when he had finished playing, rose, went toward the sofa, and threw himself upon it, apparently fatigued. As the light of the moon fell on his face, the youth saw he had before him an elderly man of a peculiarly noble and benevolent mien.

Seeing that he had not, as yet, been observed, an idea suddenly occurred to him, and he seated himself noiselessly at the piano. Again the instrument was made to utter its sweetest tones, and the man on the sofa listened in profound admiration. He saw no one; but he heard, and what he heard, was sufficient to rivet his attention. How pure the tones came from this master hand! That it was a master-hand, the listener on the sofa quickly discovered.

The joys of a youthful heart seemed to find utterance in the first accords of the young musician. Then, gradually, the tones became deeper; the passions and trials of a large, struggling nature spoke in the full and powerful accords, until they became the cry of bitter despair.

What music it was! The older musician clasped his hands across his breast, and listened with his whole soul.

He knew of but one composer who was capable of producing such music, and it was mainly in the hope of meeting him that he had come to the fete. He was confident the virtuoso before him must be he, and he only.

Finally he arose, and noiselessly approached the piano, until he stood behind the performer, who was so absorbed that he neither saw nor heard him.

At last he, too, ceased playing. He struck the last accord, and sunk back exhausted. At that moment a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, while another took him by the arm and led him toward the window, where the light of the moon could fall upon his face. The elderly man, his eyes beaming with delight, gazed at him a moment, and then cried, in a tone that betrayed deep emotion:

"Mozart!"

"Haydn!" responded the young man in accent not less joyous.

Thus met, for the first time, those two immortal composers, whose greatest work had long been to know each other.—Appleton's.

## HE THOUGHT SO.

"I thought so" is the very wise remark which everybody makes when the most unlikely thing in the world has just happened. It argues great penetration and foresight; and, as no one has a right to dispute the remark, we may fancy it is believed.

The Rev. Mr. Jones was chaplain to the State Prison in —, and a very judicious appointment it was. The old gentleman had retired from active pastoral labor, and his venerable appearance and gentle manners were fitted to inspire respect even among thieves. When the fact of his appointment was made known, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within one of the circuits where Father Jones had preached for many years and was well known, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, thought he would have a joke at the expense of old Mr. Jones, and astonish his neighbor into the bargain. Now this neighbor, Brown, had been a great admirer of Father Jones, had shouted the loudest under his preaching, and cheered him with the heartiest Amen. So to him came the humorous friend, Mr. Smith, and cried out to him over the fence, as he found him at his work:

"Brother Brown, have you heard the news?"

"Why, no. What news, Brother Smith?"

"Well, they say old Father Jones has been sent to State prison."

"You don't say so, brother Smith. Is it really a fact?"

"I guess it is," says Smith; "I heard it from Brother Cook, and he saw it in the paper, and I guess there's no mistake about it."

"Well, well! Now, Brother Smith, I'll tell you a thing or two that I never did tell anybody before, not even my wife. The fact is, between you and me and that stone wall, I always thought that old Jones wasn't just exactly the right kind of a man; and when he was here I used to think he'd get into the State prison one of these days. I think the old sinner is better in it than out among honest folks."

Mr. Smith left him without explaining the misapprehension, preferring that the scandal-loving Brown should find out his error by degrees. All the world does love to kick a man going down hill.

## DIRECTIONS FOR COURTSHIP.

This parson of our parish used to say, in his hours of convivial gaily, that nothing puzzles a man of true delicacy more, than how to make the first advances to the woman he loves, with a becoming propriety of sentiment, language, and behavior.

I must confess I am somewhat of his opinion in this matter, and having in my time observed many a promising alliance broken off by a mere idle intimation to what even a very moderate share of understanding ought always to dictate upon these occasions, I shall, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, set down a few easy rules, by the assistance of which people may at least prevent themselves from becoming personally ridiculous, if they cannot succeed to the utmost of their wishes in other respects.

When you take a serious liking to a young woman, never discover your passion

to her by way of letter. It will either give the lady an idea that you are a baneful booby, or that you have not any address in conversation; both of which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of any woman of only tolerable good sense.

During the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not strictly and immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you what news, you must not tell her a long story about the decline of trade, or the fall of stocks.

I would advise you never to make use of the dictatorial style till you are perfectly sure of your *duciens*; and that period depends in a great measure upon your own prudence. Till then you must seem to give the preference to her judgment in all matters that happen to be discussed, and submit to be instructed by her in whatever she apprehends you do not understand. Your trade or occupation in life she takes for granted you are perfectly acquainted with; and remember never to say a word on that score in her hearing.

Have a care that you do not pester her with descriptions of the Alps, the Appennines, and the river Po. A lady is not supposed to know anything of such matters; besides, you must be a very cold lover if those far-fetched things can command your attention a moment in the company of a fine woman. Whatever she thinks proper to assert, it is your business to defend, and prove to be true. If she says black is white, it is not for men in your probationary situation to contradict her. On the contrary, you must swear and protest that she is right; and, in demonstrating that she is very cautious of using pedantic arguments, making nice logical distinctions, or affecting hard and unintelligible terms.

I hold it to be extremely dangerous to make jocular remarks upon any of the inferior parts of the lady's dress. The head-dress, indeed, custom and female courtesy permits us to treat with a little more freedom; but even this requires great care and a nice judgment, or you are sure to offend. Above all things, never mention the words *petticoats*, *garters*, or *shoes*, in her presence.

When you are courting a young lady, be careful never to send her any presents that are very easily to be come at, or such as particularly appertain to your own shop or line of business.

If it can possibly be avoided, never, in the hours of courtship, let your discourse turn upon anything relative to *female anatomy*.

Few young ladies can ever forgive the man that is found guilty of only insinuating in company, that there are anything to do with materiality. Whatever, therefore, may be your private opinion, you must, while in their society, be an absolute immaterialist, in regard to the rational female world. Perhaps, an instance may sufficiently illustrate my meaning.

A certain juvenile lady of acknowledged good sense and beauty, some time ago had the misfortune to fall out of her coach, and broke no less than three of her ribs on the left side, dislocated one of her hips, and considerably injured her left shoulder, etc. This was for some days a topic of public conversation. Dick Prettyman, whom I have mentioned upon another occasion, was at that time paying his addresses to Miss Angelica Evergreen. Upon her inquiring of Dick, one afternoon, the particulars of the unfortunate accident, he was ally enough to blurt out in plain language before a polite assembly of young females, that "the lady had fallen out of the coach tippy-turp, had broken three of the best and strongest ribs in her whole body, had considerably damaged one of her hips, and that her legs, etc., had not escaped entirely without injury." The company blushed up to the eyes, unfurled their fans, and a general confusion took place; till one of the most resolute of the ladies peeped from behind her fan, and exclaimed, "Fie, Mr. Prettyman! have you been bred up in a hog-stye, or to talk in this scandalous manner in the presence of ladies?"

He was then turned out of the room by unanimous consent; and this small intimation to a proper decorum in conversation had very nearly ruined his expectations. I remember it was not till after a long and sincere repentance that he reinstated himself to Miss Angelica's favor.

Now, had he been a man of sense and breeding, he would have related the disaster in this manner:

"The chariot was driving along with vast rapidity, pompously, and an ineffable display of grandeur, when suddenly one of the rotatory supporters, commonly called wheels, struck a post, through the carelessness of the celestial charioteer, and completely overturned this most elegant and awful machine; that divine creature, Miss Myrtilla Myrtlebone, then tumbled out upon the dusty pavement, which, I will be bold to say, never before received so heavenly and sky-bespangled a burden. Her guardian angel, it seems, was at that moment neglecting his duty. She fell, and, O lamentable!—that exquisitely delicate frame, which the immortal Jupiter himself had put together with such wonderful excess of art; that heavenly frame, I say, was considerably disordered by so rude and severe a shock."

Such a representation of matters, though in reality, giving very little information in itself, would have thrown the whole female

circle into the most charming humor in the world; whereas the vulgar way in which Dick told it was only calculated for the ears of the surgeon.—*Freeman*.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone; Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear; Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own; And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

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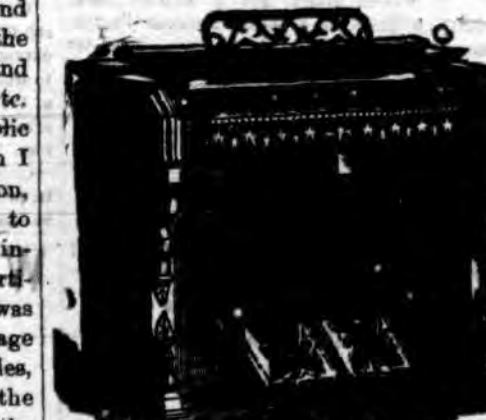
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